

Approved and ordered by the Board of Directors of the Bank of America, N.Y. & C.

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**JULY 1967**

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To the Right Honourable Charles Lord Viscount Landowne,  
 Count of the Sacred Roman Empire, Baron Granville of  
 Kilkhampton, Lord Lieutenant of the Counties of Devon and  
 Cornwall, and Governor of the Royal Citadel and Town of  
 Plymouth, &c.

MY LORD,

**W**HERE the vicissitudes of Fortune, or the danger  
 of the World, or the weakness of the Great  
 and Brave who are led by their Station and  
 Fortune, that same Fortune which rules them thi-  
 ther would be sufficient to defend them. But  
 there is one thing, 'tis impossible either for them or Heaven is self to a-  
 void, I mean the importunate addresses of the World below, to both  
 which the Temple and your Lordships Gates are ever open.

So high a Generosity is a dangerous Vainess, and it is as impossible  
 for signal Merit to stand through the World without a Crowd of Deceit-  
 fuls, as a noted Beauty without as many Admirers. The true witty  
 Men choose such Persons as look on them for their own sake, and  
 judgment, and those who would be thought such, as think themselves  
 for that very Reason follow their Example. And though I am no in-  
 habitant of one of those Islands, yet am I present by the press, I must  
 own that your great and noble Council of your Lordships Addresses bur-  
 fyed me before, when a softening light shined almost irresistibly  
 on me, a Blast was not a storm, the whispering of the Sun, if he  
 turns his Face towards us, though a small Star brings lesser Lights would  
 as have the same effect. To have Great and Noble Admirers and  
 not come behind them, to have Wit and Learning and Bravery and Honour,  
 that is, to be a true Englishman, as they are called Glories which many  
 men strive for, so it is not possible that should long remain absent to the  
 World: Without any Exception for our English Nobility. I hope I  
 may be permitted to wish there were more of men like your Lordship, as  
 equally fit to preside in a Council, or lead an Army.

Your Lordship's unblameable and unbiaf Loyalty to your Royal  
 Master and Mistress at home, remarkably visible, when the French  
 Fleet, not without Invitation hover'd on our Coast the last Summer,  
 can be rivall'd by nothing but your Lordship's Fidelity abroad; which  
 neither the Turks nor the Germans can forget, as long as either Tra-  
 dition

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POEM  
On the Late  
Illustrious Congress  
AT THE  
H A G U E

LONG did the Gallick Statesmen reconcile  
Their Monarchs Grandeur with the Subjects Spoil;  
Long had they drain'd the deep unwilling store;  
Till the concealing Fund would yield no more;  
Which fatal Crisis Richlieu first assign'd  
To Exalt his own vain Prince, and Plague Mankind;  
The Charm prevail'd, and quickly did engage  
Proud Charles the Seventh that Monster of his Age  
To quit his fruitless Agents in a Rage  
He taught the Tyrant to dispose, and treat  
His Subjects Lives, and Goods, as he thought fit  
Him each succeeding Prince admir'd, and strove  
Which should th' Exuberant Darling most improve;  
But as the watchful Centinels of Night  
Disown their Pride, and lose their borrow'd Light,  
When the more fierce and burning Eye of Day  
Chafes the dark and sullen Shades away;  
So shackl'd France, thy present glaring Sun,  
The Worlds dire Comet rather has out-done

And clear'd the Stage of each preceding Name

That claim'd a Title in Despoil'd Fault-lustful Land

Wane's his Subjects Groan, his Neighbours Fears,

Wrong'd Innocents, and unappealing Tears,

The daily Lecture now to Eastern Wars,

If Interest for Destruction shall be State,

No Means to him are illegitimate,

To act his powerful Will, that new decreeing Fate.

Repeated breach of Faith, rapes Fire and Sword,

And barbarous Massacres obey his Word,

And yet all's just when his Command is given;

His Stamp and Privilege out- rival Heaven.

Have we not seen a lofty Cedar spread

It's leavy Branches, and crush it's Head

Among the Chops, until it does impart

A proper Choice for the Mechanicks Art?

And when his Aid some Neighbouring Palace calls,

Beneath the Axes sounding Groins he falls.

Thus that Ambitious Monarchs boasted Power

Affects a lofty rise to fall the lower

At last the pitting Tuglary Fates

Esponse the Interest of his Neighbour States

Who long have groan'd beneath unequal Weights,

And choose an Instrument to set 'em free,

Great Nassau's Sword, that Scourge of Tyranny,

That Sword, whose Force they have already try'd,

To ease three Crowns of War and Tyrants Pride.

Glad



Glad of his Power, the *Board* *Scates*, and *oye*  
 Their faithful *Envoys*, in the *Bay* *Shore*,  
 Congratulate his spreading great Success;  
 Renew their *League* of *Amity* and *Peace*,  
 Appoint a *Royal* *Consul*, and in great Honour  
 His Presence there to fill the chiefest *Seats*,  
 His graver *Counsels*, and his *Guardian* *Arm*,  
 Those to instruct, and this protect from *Harm*,  
 Glad of the *Charge*, and willing to relieve,  
 He gives, and they his *Patronage* receive.  
 Back they retire in their *Embassy* blest  
 With *Preparations* for their *Royal* *Guest*,  
 Whilst he sets out, and leaves his *Peaceful* *own*  
 To state new *Measures* with an *angry* *Crown*.

Hark! how the wounded *Sea* complains aloud,  
 Torn with the *Acclamations* of the *Crowd*,  
 And *Peals* of *Cannon* which with joyful *Prize*  
 Welcome *Great* *Masses* into the *Ocean* *Sides*,  
 But see, the *Winds* and *Earth* conspires to keep  
 The mighty *Prize* from the impatient *Deep*,  
 And he returns again, till they agree  
 To lend him for a moment to the *Sea*.

And now the *Billows* dance in state, and swell,  
 Proud of the burden of the *Royal* *Keel*,  
 Whilst He reads o're the *Volumes* of the *Fates*,  
 And smooths the blackest *Lines* that fear creates.  
 See how the labouring, *Rival* *Winds* wait o're  
 The happy *Pinnace* for the happier *Shoar*,  
 See how they strive, see how they emulate,  
 Which soonest shall perform the charge of *Fate*;

Which

Which most advance the mighty Work that lyes  
Upon the *Atlas* of the *Belgick* Skyes.

And is He then with cruel Horror gone?  
Our Islands Genes, our Life, our Sun, our Moon  
Must a confused Darkness seize as now,  
And we unguarded under Ruines bow  
Cease needless Fear; the Partner of his Fate  
Has undertook the Mighty Bulk of State  
She'll with like Vigour, yet more softly move,  
And Temper Might with Sweet Commanding Love.

Peace, Happy Isle -- farewell, I must away,  
The *Belgick* Shore proclaims an *Ally-day*  
That now the Hemisphere wherein the Sun  
Of *Albion's* Peace, and yet not here alone  
Arises, to dispel that ugly Cloud  
Which threatens Europe with new Showers of Blood.

Hail happy Climate! see the mournful Tides  
Runs back again, to try if it can hide  
The deep Resentments of it's ravish'd Pride.  
The very Stars forsake their Native Course,  
Conspire new Aspects full of happy force,  
Propitious Omens fill the wondring Sky  
To influence the great Solemnity;  
Great, greater yet by far than e're was known,  
Since *Babylon* was fill'd with subject Crowns,  
Until it groan'd beneath that Royal Load,  
Led there in Triumph by the Conquering Gods.

When the proud *Titans* had usurpt the World,  
And Tow'ring *Pelion* upon *Ossa* hurl'd,  
Piling stupendious *Etne* upon these,  
And War proclaim'd against the Deities.

*Jove*



Jove call'd a Council of the Gods, and situate  
 Chief President in the August Debate;  
 Then casts his dreadful Thunderbolts at those  
 Presumptive Monsters, dar'd his Arms oppose  
 So beneath British Monarchs do preside  
 Amongst these *Early* *Princes*, and the *Gallick* *Princes*,  
*Saxony* and *Burgundy* in Princely Lints ---  
 Great *Brandenburg*, and all that near the *Rhine*,  
 Like Stars in this fair Constellation shine.

See how they move in Stately Majesty,  
 Laden with *Indian* Spoils and *Tyrant* Dyes,  
 Mountains of Sand, cut through, and paved with Stone,  
 To accommodate the Great Procession;  
 The best of *Europe* Ingenious inspire  
 Machines, and Pyramids of Artful Fire;  
 Whil' Piles of Mortals glut their wond'ring Eyes  
 With the bright view of sportive Prodiges;  
 Ent'ring the great Conventory of Fate,  
 To cull the deepest Policies of State;  
 Methinks (the Muse steps on;) Methinks I hear ---  
 Presumptive Sacrilegious Wretch, forbear  
 Those Secrets are too great to be express'd  
 Their only Cabinet, a Princes Breast;  
 Gaze not within the Ark, nor fondly try  
 To guess the Orac'ous Thoughts of Majesty,  
 Without a deep and Reverent Extacy;  
 Enough; Enough is thought, consulted, done,  
 For deepest Monuments of lasting Stone,

Or faithful Records, and Repository,  
 Too much for our succeeding Age's Glory;  
 But see, the Generous Youth in Crowds appear,  
 To fan their Noble Warmth, and strike new fear;  
 Strike from their thundering Arms, and Lightning Eyes,  
 Amidst their proud insulting Enemies.  
 And thus begin, --- Shall this bright Congress meet  
 To trample stubborn France beneath our Feet,  
 To adjust the Grand Intreagues of War and State,  
 And make proud Lewis his Destruction Date,  
 Shall our great Patriots consult the way,  
 Lay down the Scheme, And shall we disobey,  
 Or sleight the Project that would set us free,  
 From the Allarms of Gallick Slavery,  
 No: Rather let the fatal Engines fly,  
 And Clouds of Sulphurous Smoke eclipse the Sky;  
 Our dying Groans shall drown the Conquering Noise,  
 And louder Cannon ring our Obsequies;  
 The Verdant Plains shall first be cover'd o'er  
 With mangled Holocausts and Crimson Gore,  
 Ere the insulting Tyrant shall proclaim  
 The **UNIVERSAL MONARCHS NAME**.

Turn to the other side, --- methinks I see  
 France busy in her woe's Devinity;  
 Methinks I see her in a black Despair,  
 Towards her hallow'd *Shores* make repair,  
 To which they prostrate Fall, and deeply load,  
 With missal Vows, tiring their Maiden God.



See how the weary Dead are mumbled o'er  
 In stunted Reposition; whilst some poor wretch  
 Deluded Fools more charitable grow,  
 And full as wise, light Tapers up in Heaven  
 But most of all, the loud Emblematic Sign  
 Of *former Masques* in *New Disguise*,  
 That sleep and revel in Religious Cells,  
 Till the devoted Pious *Virgin* swells,  
 Or turns a Convert to the Hospitals;  
 Malignant Stars (say they) also that we  
 Must forfeit now at length our Liberty  
 Must leave these sacred Temples, this private Study  
 Of these Master Thinks to our Revenging Fate

Nor less, is their Great Master's will  
 At this new prospect of his tottering Pride  
 Complaining thus

That fatal Aspect! That unhappy Sign  
 That inflicts us to denounce a War  
 Against the mighty, flowing *Bellick Woods*,  
 And the more bravely *Vallant English Blood*  
 Are there not *Chronicles* enough that show  
 What that proud Nation for our *Shore* could do  
 Speak *Bulloughs*, and those Towns, which heretofore  
 Were Tributary to the *English Shore*;  
 Speak *Ireland*, speak our Troops, how fierce they join,  
 And mingle *Blood*, with the *Triumphant Boyne*.  
 What humble Rites, and hasty Funerals,  
 Are found about despoiling *Lymrick's Walls*

And

And those whose laughing flow'rs deny'd  
 The honour of a Soldier's Obsequies,  
 Without their Officers, see how they come  
 Tost through the Rage of angry Billows home,  
 Complaining of their Bells that would not harm  
 The British Prince, but kiss'd his Conquering Arm:  
 Whilst he as bold as a rob'd Law, led deep and  
 His animated Army at the Head  
 Thus far we bear — but all what shall we do  
 When Paris and her Priests begins to bow,  
 When she expands her Gates, and spreads the Fame  
 Of Nassau's Laurels, and Triumphant Name  
 Thus that Great Prince, whilst sometimes England's Heir,  
 The Royal Abdicate let fall a Tear  
 And thus — — —  
 Farewel lost Diadem, — Time was when I  
 Was vested with Imperial Majesty;  
 Farewel misguided Might; Farewel that Throne  
 I yet had fill'd, had I but Reign'd alone:  
 Once Monarch great enough, and rul'd the Ball,  
 Till Rome's black Emulraries wrought my Fall  
 Ah cursed Star! in thee my Ruine stood  
 Had'st thou not been, I had been Great and Good  
 Now, as in Storms the angry Winds engage  
 And toss the leaking *Phaëton* with such Rage  
 That all the hardy Seamen Toil and Care  
 Is lost, and overborn with cold Despair  
 Thus am I tost about, and ne're can find  
 A place of calm Repose to ease my mind.

Unhappy



Unhappy Ruler! No more to be enjoy'd;  
With me the STUARTS' Fame and Crowned Bride;  
Is lost, for ever lost!

Thus that unhappy Prince gave o'er, and sigh'd all  
And thus continu'd his ~~broken~~ **BRIDE**, small Isop in A  
Shall I consult my Honour or my Fear, ~~Will I~~ **Will I** ~~and~~ **and** ~~W~~  
Whether a Crown shou'd raise a Childish ~~Tears~~ **Tears** ~~in~~ **in** ~~A~~  
No; Break, ~~and~~ **and** ~~my~~ **my** ~~fragling~~ **fragling** ~~Heart,~~ **Heart,** ~~before~~ **before** ~~M~~ **M** ~~1690~~ **1690**

I should betray an African man and his poor, and I  
Before I should in *Fortitude* and *Wretchedness*, in which W  
That had the greatest share of *Majesty*, and T  
Go Wretches, Slaves, Fools, and Willing Infidels, if you W

Is this the product of John Conlaid Spell? I know it.  
Where are your Silligisms now (of Diffusion),  
Passive-Obedience, Non-Resisting Unionism?

Dull Idiots, home again, and learn a little of the  
What Home! from the English! See is due  
Whilft I (thanks to my Guide) am torn away and

From State, to meet a black *Inglorious Day* it neq<sup>d</sup> to  
Thrice happy *Brianna*, could W<sup>th</sup>ou beq<sup>d</sup> a milk j<sup>u</sup>st  
Thy Fate to me, w<sup>th</sup>o<sup>u</sup> what is fo<sup>r</sup>th I'll leav<sup>e</sup> M

My Orphan Titles, and my Grief deceive? MS. A. 1. 10  
Thrice happy Prisoner, thou fall'st from Gracious King  
Thy Life and Kingdom had an equal Date MS. A. 1. 11

Had I my choice, just as I would I might  
My Palace-Flower should be my Federal Friend

There,

There, as the Noble Phoenix would I burn;  
A glorious Death I had, make my Throat my Urn.

But hold! the great *Constantinople* shakes;

The mighty *Turks* a Party, and partakes

An equal share in this vast Turn of Fate;

With his Allye the *Gallick* Potentate;

And thus complaine, — — —

Great *Mahomet*! hast thou forgot to hear

That thus the daring Enemy draw near?

Whither, ah whither tends the Toil and Pain?

The small Successes of our late Campaign?

What if we all our Losses should regain?

Off, through the Fields, the bold intrepid Bands

Retreats (as we conceive) through Fear or Shame;

But straight returns with reinforced Shock,

And puts to flight the Rival of his Flock.

Just so our Foes; Oh that they would refrain

Share half my Scepters, and sit down again!

Or upon any Terms conclude a Peace,

Great *Alla*, grant these Wars at length may cease.

Methinks I see the ruin'd Sacrifice

Of War and Fire out of its Altar rise,

And mount their New-born Towers to the Skies

Fairer by such a Fall, as was the *Great*;

The Famous Metropolitan and Seat

Of *British* Kings, when better Rome had given

Light to the General Pile that frightened Heaven.



Defist, *Bellona*, sheath that angry Blade,  
That did an Universal Plague invade,  
The Shades of Death are full, and Earth falls  
A Victim to her Victims Ruin.

Enough!—Go vict the Royal Kell again,  
Riding in Triumph through the Waging Main,  
From Rock to Rock the News glad Echo beats,  
And in deep Quavers the Return repeats:

A little more, and then the lifting Spheres  
Will leave undone their soft harmonious Airs,  
To learn Great *WILLIAMS* everlasting Name,  
And join in Confort with his lower Frame.

~~Mountains of Flaming Piles and Aredul Fire~~

Are Victims to the Loyal warm Desire;  
The joyful Bells in various changes Ring  
A welcome Entertainment to their KING:  
And flowing Bowls run round, till on our Knees  
Warmly inspir'd, we drink such Healths as these.

A Health unto the Worlds great Referee,  
The Arbitrator both of Land and Sea,  
To Him whose closer Conduct, Counsel, Arms,  
Were fated to compose *Europes* Alarms,  
And settle Peace in all its Native Charms.

Health to the Royal Pair, and may we see  
Their Portraitures in a long Progeny:

Oh that indulgent Heaven would engage

A living Image for the following Age!

A Pattern of this bright, this glorious Sun,

Before *Deaths* dark and dismal Night draws on

Her Name drawn to the Westward  
 That all her chief Men  
 Her Stalls, and great  
 Or else forget to bring  
 No : Draw this  
 We'll Dearly  
 From Rock to Rock the News  
 And in deep Quivers the Return  
 A little more, and then the  
 Will leave undone their  
 To learn Great WILKINS  
 And join in Canton with  
 Arc Victims to the  
 The joyful Bells in  
 A welcome Entertainment  
 And flowing Back, run  
 Warmly inspired, we  
 A Health unto the  
 The Aspirator both  
 To Him whose closer  
 Were fared to compose  
 And let's Peace in all  
 health to the Royal  
 Their Portmanteau in  
 Of that indulgent  
 A living Image for  
 A Pattern of this  
 Before Dearly dark and